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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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"PRAISE THE LORD."

DAYTON, Ohio, July 2nd, 1882.

Dayton was the home of my boyhood from 9 to 17. In 1836 my father took charge of the first Presbyterian church, a quaint old structure as I first remember it with a very high pulpit, reached by winding stairs, a clerk's desk beneath it, where the veteran town raised led in Old Hundred, Dundee, Antioch and other then fashionable tunes, long, common and short metre. A gallery around three sides of the church, half doubled the seating capacity. It was a favorite resort of the boys who had the privilege of sitting where they liked, for they could, free from observation, defend themselves from a long or dry sermon, by curling up and sleeping it out. One of the Elders sat up stairs to preserve quiet. The dear old church was ready to be taken down before I got large enough to claim a right to sit up there and sleep or read a book instead of listening; which was a very good thing for me, I dare say; and I am glad Mother kept me strictly at my "apron string" in these earlier years, for I went to the devil very rapidly after I got away from parental restraint. At last the old church went the way of all old churches—the congregation, grown wealthy, and ashamed to get behind other congregations, and so a new structure, they considered quite grand, replaced the old one. Twice since, then, as Dayton grew, and perhaps prairie grew, has the plainer building given way to one more suited to the tastes of the worshippers, until No. 4, though on the same spot, no more resembles No. 1 than Dayton of '82 resembles Dayton of '36. *Tempora Mutantur.*

How well do I remember that trip from Lancaster, in old Garrard, to a city, though cities never seen before. The greenest of green of 9, was I, Garrard and Rockcastle the homelands of my world, when all this new life burst upon me. Our route lay through Lexington and Mayville, Judge George Robertson, afterwards Appellate Judge, entertained us at the former place, which at that early day was built, under the hill, every thing beyond the rail road track being counted suburban. The Judge's house was on the brow of the hill overlooking the railway. I see my first train now, drawn by a little, pulpy, tawny locomotive, that would hardly be called a "dummy" now, creeping over the old fashioned flat rails, 10 or 12 miles an hour, with large hickory split scrub hickory in front of the wheels, sweeping the track and acting as cow-catchers. A wonderful, wonderful sight that train was to me.

At Mayville, we embarked on the steam-packet "Swiftsure"—a fifth rate steamer of to-day, but a floating palace of beauty and elegance in those earlier times.

From Cincinnati to Dayton, we traveled by canal packet, drawn by three horses hitched tandem fashion. That 60 mile voyage on the "raging canal!" Can I ever forget it? What luxurious feasts three times a day; how delicious the *shoe* *parade* of the dreamy day and night it took to make the passage; how grand the thoughtful mind of our Captain with care of freight and passengers upon him; how full of dignity the stern man as with the lever of the rudder between his legs he looked keenly ahead, and by a skillful turn of the tiller kept us off the bank. And then the cry of "bridge" that set us all to knocking our heads to escape collision, and the wonderful operation of meeting and passing another boat in the narrow channel, by one cable being slackened, allowed to sink and the other boat scraping over it—the passengers cheering and waving hands and handkerchiefs in friendly greeting. At night how romantic to be hung upon a narrow shelf in one of three tiers of them, strung along the length of the boat. Occasionally child or adult would fall out in the night, varying the monotony of my disturbed repose. As I recall all this I can only live it over in imagination say with Joe Gargery "what larks!" The old canal still exists and once a year brisk freighters bring in a shadow of dividends, but the graceful packets with green venetian, carved prow, elegant upholstery and gilding are things of the past. Railways from every quarter of the compass dash in all hours of the day, replacing the three streets of my boyhood that arrived at the dock in a brisk trot, flanks lathered with foam, driver's whip crackling, steersman's tin horn heralding the arrival of the graceful packet that "walked the waters like a thing of life." Are we any better now than then? Is it really better to go fast than slow? I leave the answer for wiser heads than mine. The Dayton of '36 was a sleepy city of 8,000 with very little future before it, apparently. But the boom came long after I left it, and the Dayton of '82 is the briskest city of 40,000 on the continent. The roar of passing vehicles on the streets from earliest dawn till late at night is almost as

great as its driving neighbor, Cincinnati. A lovely city it is, too. I know none handsomer, for its size. Its streets were laid out with opulence of width, which alone, if decently built up, makes a handsome place. Father was a restless improver of property, and moved very often after he had tacked up all the down fences, thoroughly cleaned up the house and turned the mightily back premises into a garden of delight, he was off for new conquests. He moved about once a year in consequence. It is a little singular that three of the houses we lived in 45 years ago are standing to-day, looking as natural as if not touched since then. But most of the old landmarks have perished in the march of progress.

The common where boys used to hunt snipe, plover and blackbirds, are now solidly built up. The big pond where we delighted to skate in Winter and fish in Summer, filled up and built over. Market gardens across the beautiful Miami river, turned into an extension of the city. Forests where we hunted squirrels utterly vanished and black after black of houses instead. One bridge of the three of those days, remains intact—timbers perfect, and promises to stand 100 years. But several elegant iron railings and carriage bridges have been added as the city's growth required. As I rode over the wooden bridge of my youth, yesterday, I marked the very spot where in an attempt to evade the payment of toll which none of us had, by climbing up to the top, creeping along the railings, watching the movement when the toll taker went into the house and then a run for it, one of our number, dear dead friend of my boyhood now, fell from top to bottom and broke an arm. I heard his sharp scream of pain, as if it had been the day before. That was a terrible day of guiltily creeping home after the doctor came and poor Jim was taken into the toll house to have his arm set. You must allow this garrulity of reminiscence for awhile, in my letters. I hope it will not bore my friends to read it. If I had more to write about the meeting there would of course be less of this.

"Patience is having her perfect work" just now. We expect faith to be tried in this first step "around the world." I think we have fairly counted the cost and shall not easily be discouraged. The experience of every place differs from that of other places as I have often remarked. The novelty here is that we have the finest place to hold a meeting in we have ever had, but a most beggarly array of empty benches. The afternoon audience average 50 to 75. The night from 300 to 500 at the outside. The papers said 1,000, which is *lucky*. 2 restored, 10 appointed is the total of returns to Saturday night. PRAISE THE LORD. A sharp transition from Frankfort, is it not? But every thing must have a beginning. "A bad beginning makes a good ending." Both daily papers started out to report sermons, but I think I see signs of letting the thing drop as a failure. Of course they can't be expected to prop up a failure. I don't blame them, in a moment. They walk by sight. I think they will see enough ere long to cause them to keep on reporting, even if they stop awhile. For I am not thinking one moment of this meeting being a failure. Only remember we are on entirely new ground. The Ohioans differ as much from Kentuckians as Americans from Englishmen. Give them time. Soul wants are the same the world over, and the gospel I preach is what all need. That need will be recognized sooner or later, and the remedy acknowledged.

Meanwhile, pray for us, dear friends, that "utterance may be given"—and that we may "open our mouths boldly" and preach and sing the gospel as it ought to be preached and sung. Then all will come right. All well and full of holy joy and courage. PRAISE THE LORD. Ever in Jesus. GEO. O. BARNES.

BROTHER GARNER'S GOLDEN RULES.—Honor your father and your mother, but don't lend deo man any money unless you have good security. Come down liberally to erect churches; but if you have any brick to sell ask de contractor full price. Do yer duty by Orphan Asylums, but don't board any orphans for less than \$3 a week. Love yer mybur as thyself, but see dat he returns yer shovel, and spade an' rake in good order or Be seen often at church, but don't urge dat de preacher knows de aige of de world an' de area of heaben any better dan lots of older folks. Support de cause of eddieshshu, an' yit remember dat some of our biggest fools an people who have bin stuffed full of it.—(Detroit Free Press.)

"Mamma, dear," said a New Haven girl, just in the flush of early womanhood, "I have something to tell you. George has proposed and I have accepted." "My child, I cannot think of your thus disgracing yourself. George is not a suitable match for you. Besides, this would make him as one of the family and he would pay no more board!" Thus will be seen the incompatibility of a boarding-house girl falling in love with one of the boarders.—(New Haven Register.)

A Pathetic Incident.
Frank Moore relates this affecting instance of a dying son's recognition of his mother: In one of the fierce engagements near Mechanicsville a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of a shell that on reaching Washington, after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear the suffering alone.

Unknown to him, however, his mother, who had read the report of his wound, was hastening to see him. She reached Washington at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from seeing her son until morning. One sat by his side, fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulse. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken, but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said: "That feels like my mother's hand. Who is this beside me? It is my mother. Turn up the gas and let me see mother?"

The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace.

The gallant father, just twenty-one, had his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, resigned himself in peace, saying: "I have faced death too often to fear it now."

Importance of Little Things.
Many years ago the keeper of a light-house off the coast of Florida, accidentally broke a pane of glass while lighting his lamp for the night. It was too late for him to repair it, and as the wind was blowing strongly, he fitted a strip of tin into the gap to prevent the lights from being extinguished. The lamps sent their cheering rays far out to sea, save where the piece of tin threw a dark shadow, widening as it fell upon the distant waters, till it covered many a mile. Vessels passing that way, during the night saw no light where one ought to have been and some were wrecked upon the rocks and precious lives were lost because, while the lamp was burning brightly, it did not shine where it should. So a single fault, or a vicious habit, or an uncontrolled temper, often hinders some of the Christian's light, and souls are lost because they abide in the shadow, and they are not led to the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world:

"Oh, light thyself, so that, so free!
Oh, would that I were in light!"
Oh, guarding railways, shine through me
Brightly and still more brightly,
Nur never let thy rays in vain
Because I am a darkened pane!"

The marriage of Miss Annie Louise Cary to Mr. Raymond, a retired New York banker, was in thorough good taste. It was a very quiet affair. No witnesses were present except the immediate relatives. After the ceremony the newly-married couple drove into the country for a quiet lunch, and afterwards returned to the house, where they will remain a few days before going to New York. It would have been an easy matter, with their means, to have made the wedding a loud affair; multitudes would have been glad of an invitation and to have laid their tributes, costly and valuable, at the bride's feet. But there were no wedding presents, no long array of invited guests, no show or parade, and no description of the ladies and what they wore on the occasion. Miss Cary was always a sensible girl, and she made it manifest in the great event of her life.

A subscriber asks how he can get rid of the apple borer. According to a writer on horticultural and agricultural subjects, when borers have once gained possession of a tree the only way to get rid of him is to hunt for them carefully with a knife or wire and destroy them. The eggs of the parent beetle are deposited during the nights in June, and are placed in the bark of the tree at the surface of the ground, or whatever may surround the tree. These eggs hatch in our latitude during September, and it is soon after this the young grub may be easily removed without the use of any thing more than the point of a pen knife. A few minutes spent in this way about the first of October each Fall will keep the tree from this pest.—(Scientific American.)

The following clause was found in the will of a Yorkshire rector: "Seeing that my daughter Anne has not availed herself to my advice touching the objectionable practice of going with her arms bare up to the elbows, my will is that, should she continue after my death in this violation of the modesty of her sex, all the goods, chattels, money, lands, and all other things that I have devised to her for the maintenance of her future life shall pass to the eldest son of sister Caroline. Should any one take exception to this as being too severe, I answer that license in the dress of a woman is a mark of depraved mind."

A Washington woman, when her pet pug dog died recently, had the little darling buried in her family lot in the cemetery. We feel sorry for the dog, because the rest of the family will probably be buried in same lot.

More Bad Hanging.
As even Guiteau died by strangulation and without a broken neck it begins to look as if execution by hanging had no certainty in it whatever. In a case like this it is reasonable to suppose that every precaution was taken which experience could suggest, yet the vertebral condition at the autopsy, and the neural cause of torture only failed, we believe, because the strangulation was more than commonly effective, through the rupture of muscles that often protect the respiratory passages. Guiteau was alive 14 minutes after he fell, yet he was plunged downward through a trap in accordance with the most approved theories. His body was not heavy enough to snap the ligaments that hold the vertebral bones in position. But the worst of all recent cases of hanging is one reported from the West, in which also the culprit was plunged through a trap, but was so little injured by the accident that he was able to get his hands and feet free and struggle to regain his footing on the scaffold. He was beaten back by the executioner. Such a battle between a hangman and his slightly hanged victim presents a picture that one might suppose would excite the people to reform our method of administering capital punishment.

Why 1900 Is Not a Leap Year.
The year 1900, although it is divisible by four without a remainder, is not a leap year, and it comes about in this way. "Under the Julian period" the solar year was considered to consist of 365 days and a quarter of a day, but as the actual or civil year could not be made to include a quarter of a day, an additional day was inserted in the calendar every fourth year to make up for the four lost quarters, and this is the 29th of February. But the Julian method of intercalation made the year too long by eleven minutes and ten and one-third seconds. This puts the calendar ahead of solar time one day in 129 years; to balance this in the adjustment of the calendar known as the "Gregorian," after Pope Gregory XIII now universally adopted in the Christian countries except Russia, one of the leap years is dropped at the close of every century, except when the figures of the centennial year, leaving out the two ciphers at the end, can be divided by four without a remainder. Thus, 1600 was a leap year, and 2000 will be, but 1800 and 1900 are not.

Today is the Fourth of July. It is curious how many errors have crept into the public mind, and found their way even into the public prints, touching the origin, history and antecedents of this day. It is not, as so many erroneously suppose, the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Washington. Nor was it the day, as an English newspaper recently stated, on which Abraham Lincoln signed the Declaration of Independence at Faneuil Hall; though there is reason to believe that Mr. Lincoln held it in high esteem. How few people know it was the day on which Lord Cornwallis surrendered Vicksburg, Va., to the united forces of Gen. Grant and Stonewall Jackson? Such is history. Now you see it, and now you do not see it. After a time the very memory of the Stamp Act was repealed, and the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued, on the Fourth of July, which has ceased to be.—(Courier-Journal.)

A Michigan farmer was awakened about midnight by a loud knocking. He got up and opened the door, when two strangers said they had bought a hog in the next town and were taking it to market, but it had got untied and jumped out of their wagon, and they would take it as a great kindness if Mr. Young would help to catch it. Mr. Young dressed, called up the hired man and went and helped those strangers catch, tie and load that pig into their wagon. Next morning he found the door of his pig-pen broken and his own pet pig gone, and it gradually permeated his being like a greasy spot spreading over a rag carpet, that it was his own hog which he had helped those seductive strangers to get away with.

President Arthur was the recipient yesterday of a brass medal, struck in honor of the devotion of himself and 305 others to a cause whose defeat made him what he is. The medal is about three inches in diameter, weighs six ounces, is ornamented with a head of U. S. Grant and the name of "Chester A. Arthur," and is encircled with the record of the thirty six ballots taken in the Republican National Convention of 1880. In accepting the gift from the hands of ex-Senator Cookling, who came to Washington to present it, Mr. Arthur simply referred to the brazen beauty of the design.—(Washington Post.)

Mrs. Frank Leslie has been quite lately because of close attention to her extensive business as publisher, but is now better. It is a curious feature in Mrs. Leslie's history that she owes her present distinction to the death of two husbands. When the first, the late E. G. Snider, died, she was led by necessity to write for the papers which he formerly edited, and by the death of the latter she became their sole proprietor. She lives in handsome style on Fifth avenue, New York.—(Boston Traveller.)

There is a Chinaman in San Francisco with red hair. His countrymen treat him with superstitious respect. At the table he has the best of every thing, and at all ceremonials he takes the precedence.

An Extraordinary Engineering Feat.
The Washington Monument is too near to be ever regarded by Washington people as any thing out of the ordinary run of things. Few people here ever stop to think what a feat of engineering has been undertaken in the construction of this monument. "There is no where in the world such mechanical appliances as we have in the monument," said Col. Casey. "The last course of stone weighed 160 tons. Now this 160 tons was raised vertically a distance of 245 feet, and the course was laid in 15 hours. In other words, two feet of the monument was built in that time. You haven't any idea of the amount of stone and the amount of work required to build the monument. The stone we have laid since the work was resumed, if taken down and spread out, would cover the entire monument lot. At a distance the monument looks small; the yardarms on the derricks on top look like broom splints; but when one gets near them and see how large they are, how wide the structure is, he gets some notion of the work."—(Washington Star.)

Governor Murray's Escape From A Mormon Scandal.
It is not always all glory and fun to be Governor of a territory. Governor Murray, of Utah, had a little trouble lately, but he came out of it all right. It seems that a woman who had been looking for ten years for some one to betray her was at last successful, and as she was a Mormon by profession, and the church desired to stand by her, the leaders concluded to swear the results on the Governor. However, the Mormons were surprised and chagrined on the arrival of the little stranger to find that he was a mulatto. As the woman was white and the Governor is a pronounced Caucasian, the church of Latter-Day Saints seems to be a little bit agitated, and the woman herself feels real cut up about it. If there had been an eclipse or something of that kind, it would have been explained, but now she don't know just what to say.—[Nye's Boomerang.]

UNFORTHWING FOREIGN CROPS.
The information which I called to you last week about the unpromising condition of our crops has been verified by the many inquiries I have since made in all quarters. Hay and clover are very heavy, but much of the growth is down, and the weather is decidedly unfavorable to the chance of getting it in good condition. Wheat is thin and poor, having been checked by the Spring frosts and the cold nights which we have been having down to the present time. In the middle districts the farmers have given up all hopes of getting more than half a crop. In the home counties the prospects are better, but the crop everywhere must be light, and the loss to the already sorely tried agricultural community severe. This, of course, will add greatly to the difficulties surrounding the land question.—[World London Special.]

The unfortunate animals imported to England from America says the *St. James Gazette*, still continue to suffer untold misery during their passage across the Atlantic. From the United States there were imported, in 1881, to the ports of Barrow in Furness, Bristol, Cardiff, Glasgow, Harlepool, Hull, Liverpool, London, and South Shields, 473 cargoes of animals, consisting of 103,693 cattle, 49,223 sheep, and 1,773 swine; of which 176 cattle, 96 sheep, and 10 swine were landed dead, and 110 cattle, 99 sheep, and 13 swine were so much injured that it was necessary to slaughter them immediately on landing: 3,387 cattle, 947 sheep, and 221 swine were thrown overboard during the voyage.

An application has recently been made for the patent of a machine to prevent young orphan chickens from being lonely. This is an invention which should, and probably will, commend itself to Mr. Bergh. The inventor claims that hundreds of chickens hatched out in the artificial incubators become lonely because they miss the "cluck cluck" of the mother hen, which is the lullaby of all well regulated chickens hatched in the natural way, and many are killed by this loneliness. He has arranged a system of clock work, which produces a noise somewhat similar to that of a hen, which he proposes to attach to the incubator, and on this machine the patent is asked.

Brother Barnes proclaims that it is the devil, and not, as his grandmother said, God, who punishes wicked boys. The great preacher says: "My grandmother is in hell! The mother who bore me; who reared me to hell! For that lie I cursed God! My grandmother is in hell for teaching my mother that lie!"—(Courier-Journal.)

It has been thought that Noah sailed over America when he started on that forty days go as you please cruise for it is recorded of him that he looked out of the Arkansas land. The report lacks confirmation, and Noah not being here to publish a card, we must accept the statement with a grain of allowance.

Egg festivals are the latest. Each lady brings an egg with her name written upon it. They are deposited in a basket and before supper they are passed around and each gentleman takes one, and the lady whose name he draws is his partner for supper.—[Bulletin.]

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,
Opera House Block, - - - Stanford, Ky.,
—DEALERS IN—
Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical
Books, Stationery, Liquors, Instruments,
Paints, Oils, Stationery, Cigars, Pocket
Lamps, Perfumery, Fire Arms, Cutlery,
Needles.
Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks Promptly and in the best style.

LINCOLN MILLS

This New Mill, containing the latest and
MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY
For manufacturing meal and flour, is now in full operation. We will grind for customers, for the present, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, and on Court-Days and all other public days. We solicit a liberal share of patronage and will endeavor to give entire satisfaction.
Flour, Meal, Corn, Bran, Shipstuf, &c.,
Always on hand and for sale. Highest cash price paid for Corn, Wheat, &c. Orders left at Mill promptly attended to.
McALISTER & SALLIE.

M'Alister & Bright

Have just received and will keep constantly on hand a fresh line of the choicest
Groceries, Confectioneries,
—AND—
FAMILY SUPPLIES,
All of which they will
Sell at the Very Lowest Possible Margin.
They are also agents for the sale of Matting's superior Woolen Goods and Yarns.

FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING!

—BY—
B. K. WEAREN,
Main Street, - - - Stanford, Ky.
I have bought out my brother, R. H. Wearen, and will continue the Furniture and Undertaking business at the same stand, in the St. Asaph Hotel building. I will keep a full stock of Furniture of every description and sell at figures that cannot be beaten. My stock of Coffins and Caskets will be comprehensive. Shrouds and Robes always on hand. I also repair Furniture and do carpenter's job work.
(Orders by telegraph promptly attended to.) **B. K. WEAREN.**

E. P. OWSLEY

—Has Just Opened a Fine Stock of—
BRAND NEW GOODS,
—Consisting of—
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes,
—AND—
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
—Also, a Nice Line of—
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, TRUNKS
I am opening daily a Full Line of the Best Goods in the Market, to be sold at Bottom Prices. Call and examine.
TIM W. HIGGINS, Salesman.

W. H. HIGGINS

—HAS THE—
GENUINE MAYFIELD
Water Elevator.
Destroys All Water Insects;
Draws Fresh Water from Bottom of Cistern;
Has No Tubing and Does Not Freeze.
Foulest Cisterns Made Pure by This Elevator.



Now in Use in This County.
Try One, and If Not Satisfied, It Will Be Taken Back.

DEMOCRATIC STATE AND COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE—MAJ. A. E. RICHARDS.
FOR APPELLATE CLERK—T. J. HENRY.
FOR COUNTY JUDGE—R. W. BROWN.
FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY—H. R. CARPENTER.
FOR COUNTY CLERK—JOHN BRIN.
FOR ASSESSOR—J. H. HOCKER.
FOR JAILER—T. D. NEWLAND.
FOR TOLLEGE—W. J. BACHMANN.
FOR CONSTABLE (STANFORD PARISH)—THEODORE MARTIN.

SUPERIOR COURT CONVENTION.

Maj. A. E. Richards Nominated.
Promptly at noon yesterday all the delegates that had arrived were in their seats in James Hall, Danville, and the Convention to nominate a democratic candidate for Superior Judge seemed about to proceed to the short work before it. But as usual for special trains, the one from Louisville was an hour or two late and as the delegates from that city were aboard of it, Mr. L. H. Baldwin, Chairman of the District Committee announced that the Convention would wait until 2 o'clock before beginning work. At that hour the Louisville delegation having arrived and the other delegates having partaken of a good dinner, Col. T. H. Shirley, Chairman of the State Central Committee called the Convention to order and asked for nominations for temporary Chairman. Judge J. W. Gillespie, of Woodford, was chosen and after a sensible little speech, suggested the election of a Secretary. Hon. E. Polk Johnson, of Jefferson and W. T. Tevis, of Madison and the members of the democratic press were selected, and on motion the following committees were appointed by the Chairman: On permanent organization and resolutions: W. P. D. Bush, Ch'm., D. H. French, M. C. Sautley, W. H. Crow, C. S. Taub, Mack Shreve, W. F. Perk, R. H. Tomlinson and T. J. Oatts.
On Credentials—C. R. Long, Ch'm., John W. Whipp, R. G. Trimble, W. P. Thorn, M. J. Durham, J. R. Hindman, Callet Thompson, W. F. Froman and W. E. Bailey.
Judge Sautley moved that H. C. Kaufman, of Garrard, be added to the Committee on Credentials, but it was voted down. After the committees had retired, loud calls were made for Capt. T. J. Henry, candidate for Appellate Clerk, and on motion he was requested to address the Convention, which he did in one of the happiest little speeches we have heard in many a day. He was applauded to the echo, and at its conclusion, Junius Rochester, of Louisville, after a few spirited prefatory remarks, offered a resolution, endorsing the action of the State Central Committee in refusing to declare Capt. Henry's candidacy off, and pledging him a solid support. Judge R. J. Breckinridge opposed the resolution, because it was overstepping the authority of the delegates who had been sent there for a certain purpose. J. S. Bronston supported the resolution, and was followed by Col. S. M. Burdett, also in its support. The Judge replied rather warmly, and again Mr. Bronston got up to speak, but the boys seemed to have heard enough of Joe on the subject, and he was laughed at, howled at, and hooted at for fully a quarter of an hour, but he held his stand in the chair with a heroism worthy of a better cause, his pleasant smile ever and anon changing to a pretty grin. Finally some fellow moved that Mr. B. have his speech printed, so that every body could read it, which was carried with an uproar. But Bronston still kept his stand, gesticulating and speaking whenever there was the least lull in the noise. Somebody else moved that the band be sent for, and the Chairman appointed Booker Reil and Bronston to go for it, and then was Joseph unconsciously gotten rid of for a season. He made a fine exhibition of himself, but he acted as good naturedly that a change of feeling was finally gotten up and he was given the privilege of the floor, when he declined to deliver.
At this point, 3:15, the P. O. Committee arrived and reported Hon. Wm. Johnson, of Nelson, for President, and J. W. Alcorn, W. P. Thorn, S. P. Toney, J. K. Hindman and J. T. Bohon, Vice Presidents and the temporary Secretaries for permanent duty, which report was adopted. Judge Sautley reported a resolution endorsing Capt. Henry and for the second time the meeting gave a hearty endorsement to the gallant Captain. On assuming the Chair, Mr. Johnson expressed a few well timed thoughts and then until the other committee reported, the crowd nursed itself by calling on various candidates for speeches. A motion was made to have Col. Thos. L. Jones address the

meeting and there was a decided "No" until the name of Judge Owsley was added when it was carried with a whoop. Both gentlemen were led forward but Judge Owsley very pleasantly said he had no speech to make except to thank them for the demonstration in his behalf and retired. Col. Jones did have one to make and was longing to make it, and had just settled himself down to an hour's work when the Committee on Credentials at 4 P. M. were announced and he had to desist.

This committee reported that the only contested delegations were from Marion and that they had decided in favor of the delegates that had been named by the Convention called to order by the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee. Judge Durham read a resolution asking that the next State Convention require that each ward in Louisville shall hold meetings instead of having a mass meeting for the city and county as in the present instance. Judge Sautley wished to know how the delegates of Louisville had been chosen, and if by mass meeting according to the call, then the vote should be so cast and not by wards as the committee had reported. Mr. Junius Rochester endeavored to explain but Judge Sautley contended that the proceedings of the Louisville meeting were irregular and therefore void. This brought several Louisville gentlemen to their feet and for a time the looked for break was about to arrive but a question of order cut short the debate and Judge Durham's resolution was referred to the committee on resolutions. The report of the Credentials Committee was then adopted.

Nominations being now in order, Hon. Ira Julian, of Frankfort, arose and in an eloquent and beautifully worded speech named Maj. A. E. Richards, which was ably seconded by Hon. B. W. Duke, of Louisville. Judge M. C. Sautley, of Lincoln, in his accustomed brilliant style nominated Hon. B. M. Burdett, Mr. H. C. Kaufman seconding it, in a highly creditable and happy speech. Judge Duval was not nominated and there being no other aspirants, the hallooing began.

The call of counties was gone through with but before the result was ascertained by addition, Col. Sam M. Burdett asked to withdraw the name of Mr. Burdett and moved that Maj. Richards' nomination be made unanimous, pledging at the same time the hearty support of his late opponents. Mr. Kaufman seconded the motion and Maj. Richards was declared the unanimous choice of the democracy for Superior Court Judge of this district. The Chair appointed Mr. R. C. Warren, Asher Caruth and S. M. Burdett to inform Maj. Richards of his nomination and while these gentlemen were hunting for him we quietly withdrew and at 5 P. M. hurried back to Stanford.

NOTES.

It was a noisy but harmonious meeting. Duval's strength seemed to go to Richards. His vote ran up to 155.

Every county was represented either by delegates or proxy, except Whitley and Jackson.

The Danville people had Eichhorn's splendid band to enliven the occasion, and a jollification was on the program for last night.

Judge Owsley evidently had the crowd yesterday, and he would have been nominated for Governor right then and there if the Convention had had the power.

What was the matter with Joe? If he was under the impression that where there is no fool there is no fun, and was good naturedly acting that part, why we forgive him.

Col. Jones was on hand, but after the Convention so noisily refused to entertain a motion to have him speak, he seemed to wish he wasn't. Subsequently, however, by including Mike Owsley in the motion, he was invited to speak.

That prince of good fellows and most genial of gentlemen, Hon. E. Polk Johnson was one of the pleasant "features" of the Convention. Polk is a candidate for Lt. Governor, and if there is anything in the eternal fitness of things, he is going to get it.

Besides the members of the local press, the newspapers were represented by Messrs. J. W. Hopper, of the Lebanon Standard, E. Polk Johnson, Courier-Journal, A. Anderson, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and B. J. Newland, of the Midway Clipper. It was our first meeting with the latter gentleman, and it was a pleasure long wished for. He is an old Virginian of the truest type.

A MANDON (Col.) man while holding his wife in his lap was struck by lightning, killing him instantly and paralyzing the woman. This is a terrible warning to men not to be so familiar with their wives, but on all occasions to maintain a respectable distance.

Capt. Tom Henry has at last shown his fat, good natured face in this county, and all who met him are happy. He was in town four or five hours Tuesday, and got acquainted with a large number of persons, all of whom were taken with his genial open hearted manner. He frankly acknowledged to those who talked with him, about it that he had sinned grievously and had acted in a manner unbecoming a nominee of the party, adding, "I am only human after all, but with God's help, I shall never again give any of my party cause to regret having selected me for their standard bearer." Our readers will bear us out in the assertion that we have never announced that we would not vote for Capt. Henry nor counseled others not to do so. We were considerably alarmed after his Louisville escapade, and while we never had an idea that he would be defeated, we feared that the democratic majority would be so much reduced as to seriously affect future races. There has been a considerable change in the public pulse within the last month or two, since the people have seen their candidate and observed the commendable manner in which he is conducting the canvass, and we are glad to know that Capt. Henry daily grows in grace. A number of democrats here who had sworn that they would not vote at all in the race for Appellate Clerk, since hearing Jacob's pointless speech and shunning the honest hand of Capt. Henry, now say, "He'll do," "I'll take him." "He don't appear half as bad as he has been pictured, &c., &c." Capt. Henry tells us that he is counting on at least 50,000 majority and we sincerely hope if he continues faithful that he will get it.

We give elsewhere the card of Gov. J. B. McCreary withdrawing from the race for Congress. He does so for the sake of harmony, knowing that a close race between democrats for the nomination might engender feelings of bitterness, that the republicans would not be slow in taking advantage of. Gov. McCreary is a true man and a patriot and his self-sacrifice in this instance must eventually be rewarded and that right handsomely. We have always been a strong admirer of the Governor and while we may have loved him much, we have not loved Phil Thompson less, nor have we been unconscious of his many triumphs as a true representative of the people. He has made no reputation than ever a young member did before and he is daily growing in confidence and esteem, and the fact that he will have no opposition in his own party is proof positive of the appreciation in which he is held. He will succeed himself and by an increased majority.

The almost too utterly too too news comes from Washington, that as old man Christianity, the silly old Senator, who married the pretty but naughty Lillie Engenboel, the Treasury girl, and whose life has since been made a roaring hell by her, was waylaid by her on the street and nearly hugged and kissed to death. The old man it is said, did not relent, however, worth a cent, but quietly freed himself from her and proceeded to the Court-house to push his divorce suit to a decree. Lillie is probably finding out that the gay butterflies who led her astray from her marital obligations are now tiring of her and being short of funds, wants to enslave the old lion into her meshes again. But our advice to old Chris. is to elevate his spine and keep a stiff upper lip.

The Senate has very properly set down on the attempt of Dr. Bliss & Co., to bleed the government to the tune of \$57,500 for their alleged services as physicians and surgeons of Garfield. When the matter came up for action Senator Vest, of Missouri, delivered a scathing criticism on the entire medical staff and Bliss in particular and the result was that the amount was cut down to \$25,000 to be divided among them, which God knows is enough and more for such quacks as they proved themselves to be. Bliss very haughtily says he will not accept the sum allowed but will proceed at once against Garfield's estate. This however is all bush as his fee as it is will be fifty times more than he ever got in any other case.

GUTEAU, we will try to make this the last notice of him—is to have the skin and flesh "bled" off his bones and his skeleton hung up in a case in the Army Medical Museum, at Washington. By the way a spiritual medium while in a trance, communed with the spirit of the departed "God's Man," when he confessed that he had no "inspiration" at all, that he was now in a preparatory state for glory and that the spirit of Garfield was in a higher state than his. Well, we should grin.

—Charlie Rose has been gone 8 years last Saturday.

THE Governor has pardoned the notorious Ben Mickey, the murderer of three men, who had only served three years of a life sentence. Mickey was one of the meanest and most desperate of men but he had rich and influential backers and that goes a great ways with the present administration. Blackburn evidently hasn't been born again or if he has, there is no change in him.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Dr. Wm. Geoffrey Hunter, of Burkeville, Ky., has been nominated for Congress by the republicans of the Third District.

—The Commissioner of Pensions estimates that it will require \$214,990,800 to pay the claims for arrears of pensions now pending.

—Mary Booth, colored, aged 14 years, was convicted of a double murder at Petersburg, Va., and sentenced to be hanged November 17th.

—Sullivan, the prize fighter, knocked James Elliott, his opponent in a sparring match, senseless in the third round, in New York, this week.

—In Union county, S. C., the other day, Richard Poulk, a white man, was convicted of marrying a colored woman, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment or a fine of five hundred dollars. He paid the fine.

—Madame Adele made a balloon ascension at Oswego on the 4th and came down in the lake about seven miles from land. Clinging to the ear she was dragged through the lake some miles, and was finally rescued by a tug.

—The Senate Finance Committee decided to increase the appropriation for Mississippi River improvements from \$4,125,000 to \$5,000,000. The bill was otherwise unchanged, and it is believed will pass both Houses in this shape.

—The steamers Scioto and John Lewis collided in the Ohio River, three miles below Steubenville, Tuesday night, and the Scioto was sunk in three feet of water. Reports vary as to the number of drowned from ten to twenty persons.

—Col. Noah Orr, the noted Ohio giant, is dead. At 10 years of age, he weighed 200 pounds and at his heaviest he pulled the beam at 556. He was 7 feet 2 inches, and his coffin, which had to be made to order, was 8 feet long, 24 feet wide and 2 feet high.

—The Senate spent some time yesterday in discussing the question of the admission of Dakota. The fact that one county had repudiated some of its debts has proved a troublesome question for the friends of the bill. The matter will be disposed of tomorrow.

—Holders of Virginia State bonds have petitioned President Arthur, drawing his attention to the facts attending the repudiation of the State obligations, and praying the assistance of the Federal Government to enable bondholders to vindicate their claims to be reimbursed for advances.

—Sixteen Irish members of Parliament were suspended during the session Friday night for deliberately planning obstructions to the business of the House. They retired in a body, after which business proceeded with the prospect of bringing the labor on the Repression Bill to a conclusion.

—Beck, Voorhees and other democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee have amendments to the Internal Revenue bill, which they will offer as soon as they have opportunity. One of Mr. Beck's reductions duty on Bessemer steel rails to twelve dollars a ton, and another cuts down the whisky tax to sixty cents a gallon.

—Faubush correspondence of the Somerset Reporter: Bray, the champion wheat-cutter, performed the feat of cutting nine acres of wheat and drinking five gallons of buttermilk in one day, but it came near costing him his life. He commenced at 4 o'clock in the morning and finished at 7 in the evening, and just after he finished his last stroke he fell, and had to be carried from the field almost lifeless.

—The prohibition amendment to the Constitution of Iowa, ratified by the people of that State last week, is a follow: "No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell or keep for sale as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer. The General Assembly shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition herein contained, and shall hereby provide suitable penalties for the violation of the provision thereof."

"PRAISE THE LORD."

DAYTON, Ohio, July 4th, 1882.

Dear Interior: The Skating Rink is an elegant new building with a handsome tower, and some pretensions to architectural beauty outside and in. I should say 2,000 could comfortably hear, and 2,500 be crammed into it. The acoustics very good—though not built with an eye to that, which is just as well, for where they take the greatest care it is very apt to turn out a perfect failure, as witness many a costly church and hall quite unfitted for a speaker. The Directors generously let us have it at \$10 a day, which just covers expenses.

The meeting began Wednesday night with an audience of about 250 or 300 at the outside, but gradually increasing until double that number were in attendance Sunday afternoon, and perhaps 1,000 Sunday night. Saturday night there was an entertainment, by previous engagement, and we had but the one service Saturday, Sunday afternoon, a children's meeting had been announced, but there were so few present and they so shy and scary that I changed the programme and turned it into a grown folks' service.

I would gladly give you more cheering tidings of success, did I have them. We are not discouraged at all, fully trusting for ultimate victory, but recognize the fact that faith is to be tried at every step. Doubtless for this reason the dear LORD gave us double wages at Frankfort in order to spare this change of waiting at Dayton. We are not fit to go round the world with this "good news," if we grow disheartened at the first check. So we refuse to be dejected. "Faint heart never won fair lady"—even this world's wisdom sees and says. Shall we who reach out for a

"crown of life" not be as true as those who struggle so bravely for that which is often not worth having after they get it? Perish the thought. Think of us then, as always hopeful and full of trust in Him who always causes us to triumph in all things. "Girdle the globe" with this sweet gospel yet. "I hear HIS welcome voice."

The chief attraction about Dayton is the magnificent charity called the "Soldier's Home"—where 4,000 veteran Union soldiers, either disabled or poverty stricken, find a quiet resting place, and close away life, fed, clothed and tenderly cared for. It is a city in a lovely park. The grounds cover just a mile square—or 640 acres, and are laid off with all the skill of the landscape gardener, and kept up by a lavish outlay of funds. It is a government plot, and justly so, and the greatest attraction to strangers about this attractive city, as well as a favorite drive of the citizens themselves. The grounds slope beautifully in every direction from the centre, where the chapel and "Memorial Hall" are erected—the latter used for exhibitions, theatrical or otherwise. The Hospital is a noble structure, perfectly kept, and a marvel of cleanliness and comfort. It is built of brick. The Chapel—an elegant stone edifice—was erected by government—the only church in America. It is covered exquisitely with cypress carefully trained to give the best effect. The dining hall where 1,000 men eat in one room is a wonderful sight, and the bread and meat rooms are simply indescribable. Every thing carried on with military drill and accuracy. Camp houses and camp regulations strictly observed without the odious drill that would turn a paradise into pandemonium. No need for that with these old heroes. Their fighting days are done. A splendid park of artillery—guns brass—adorns one of the lovely lawns. An elegant music stand crowns another, three grand lakes, covering many acres and full of fish, with row boats in plenty, and so connected that you can go from one to another, form a very attractive feature. Here rides at anchor the full rigged barque, Harfield, built to figure in the inauguration ceremonies, but found to be too unwieldy. Afterwards it was given to this Soldiers' Home, and floats, "a thing of beauty" in the upper lake of the three. It is about 30 feet long and a perfect model, with every rope and block in place. A magnificent greenhouse, groves of rare beauty; flower beds of great extent, exquisitely arranged and kept; pools with brilliant gold fish; another with four alligators in it; restaurants were refreshments of all kinds can be obtained at reasonable rates. Noble shade trees in great abundance and artistically grouped; with a good start at a fine Zoological collection—these and other attractions that I have not time to mention, go to make the Soldiers' Home one of the most delightful resorts in the country. A large Hotel, near the centre of the enclosure is open for visitors who can there obtain board by the day, week or month, at fair charges. The view from the Central enclosure over the glorious burning grounds of the Miami Valley and the lovely city of Dayton, four miles away, is indescribably beautiful; and now, though I have almost exhausted my stock of adjectives, the half is not told, as any one who has been there can affirm.

Dayton is protected from the damaging incursions of the sometimes raging Miami river, by a handsome levee, on the top of which, shaded by noble trees, one may walk on a smooth gravel pathway for miles. It was a mere rough embankment in my time, and sometimes gave way, but now strengthened and adorned, is one of the charming features of the place.

As I walk about town, dreamily gazing at the mighty changes of 45 years, I get so fond of trying to replace the modern improvements, with the old time houses of my boyhood, and forcing memory and imagination to lift a burden greater than they can bear. At times it is very wearisome. One thing, that I have noticed who have revisited after very long intervals, the scenes of childhood, I remark here most strikingly. All distances are shrunken and foreshortened; stately houses dwindle into domiciles of very moderate proportions; and every thing changes from the exaggerated estimate of childhood to the soberer measurements of maturer years. In spiritual matters the LORD does not blame us for being children in childish thoughts and ways. Only HE expects us to drop these childish views when we ought to know better. The lesson may cost us something, but it is better to be undeceived than go on believing a lie. For lack of willingness to correct the mistaken notions of Spiritual boyhood, many go on, resolutely refusing all healing. The true way—Paul indicates by the Holy Spirit. "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child. That is a right thing and just as the LORD wants it, in its season. But not always. Hear the rest: "But when I became a man I put away childish things."

No shock as it was at first, I am willing to believe for the rest of my life, that the Miami is not as large as the Mississippi, the canal much less than 50 yards wide, the houses where we lived, not commodious, but just what they are, cramped and inconvenient tenements suited to the limited means of a poor preacher. How fearfully earth will foreshorten when we look at it from Egyptian heights. And yet it looks so grand just now, when we know so little of it, for eyes unclouded with the heavenly "eye salve," that we may see right.

Good bye, again. Thank you dear Walton for making me an advocate of christianity in your last religious column. *Et te Deus* Which may be freely translated "What a brute you are." No! I am not to be based on the Frankfort lights, but buried there, like a christian gentleman, in the dear LORD's arms, so that I go through the gates of death to meet Him. What funny things types are, I don't think this reputation lie of slippery types, will "glorify the earth, before the sleeping truth can turn out of bed and put its boots on."

Well, start the lay job in this issue, my friend. As I owe no apology to "Miss Mary," I make none. How strange that all those terrible, horrible things taken down "from my very lips" should have had the effect of soundly converting Georgetown, instead of alienating true hearts. But so they did. And my poor brother begins to late. I pray and pray for him.

Our friend, W. J. Cheneault, surprised us with a visit yesterday afternoon. A Kentucky face is like "cold water to a thirsty soul" and I enjoyed a walk and talk with him more than I can express. He left today.

Such popping of crackers and explosion of heavier calibre, stunning the ears at every turn, I have not heard for many a year. We are on "loyal" ground now, and nearly suffocated with the fumes of the conspiracy that is the expression of it today. Last night the din was terrible until about midnight, a merciful shower quenching the youthful ardor long enough to allow us to get to sleep. Once there we bid defiance to any thing short of heavy artillery, and kept until the morning fusillade began. Ever to Jesus.

(Geo. D. BARNER.)

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Lincoln County Farm for Sale

The heirs of Joseph Scott offer at private sale, his farm of 168 Acres lying in Lincoln County, Ky. The land is fertile and in good repair. Thirty-five acres in splendid timothy, wheat, oats, &c., and all tracts except nine acres, which is now wheat available. This farm can be bought low and on easy terms. For full particulars, call on David Scott, on the farm, or address him at Hillier's Creek, Ky. Lincoln County, Kentucky. 57-91

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A RAMBLER'S NOTES.

[Extracts from Communication of Rev. J. S. P. to the Southern part of Kentucky. Around us are many travelers whose varied interests have drawn them to Pulaski county, Ky.]

Quite a number of Northern men are settled around Somerset. They are welcomed by the people, and in no sense are they excluded because they are from the North. They find their places according to their social worth. All are permitted to vote and think as they please. No people could be freer and more liberal in politics than here. They fully expect to find the majority of Northern men of the kind they encourage to settle among them, Republican in sentiment. But if the man who seeks a home among them, shows signs of being educated and refined, the different neighborhoods vie with each other in securing the man to settle among them. The publications of Northern States who contemplate settling in any of the Southern States, must expect to see things the reverse in politics of what it is in the North. It is the boast of the Republican party of the North, that the majority of the best element of society is Republican. In the South, the majority of all the best elements are Democratic. But the same promise of better days are found in the South that are seen so prominently in the North.

In the North, the Republican masses are restless, and can no longer be held to party fealty, whether or no. In the South the same class of citizens who are Democratic, are restless, and are refusing to vote for party nominees, who are characterless. One hears nothing but denunciation of Gov. Blackburn in good society. Some of the best county papers, and scores of the best democrats are heard declaring they want vote for Capt. Henry for the Appellate Clerkship. There is an exceedingly strong demand made for pure men, and it must be granted or democracy will suffer some terrible defeats through the defection of its truest friends.

I neither saw nor heard of any attempt to ride over the colored man. If any difference, they treat them more affably than we do. A Northern man is struck with the spirit of patience and kindness, with which the Southern man passes over the many deficiencies of his hired servant. He makes calculation for a great deal of deficiency on the part of his servant. No Northern man who hires help will permit as many unreasonable mistakes, or stand the dilatoriness of his men, that these white men do from the colored. The wages given are very low. Twelve dollars per month and a cabin to live in with a small garden for vegetables. They are given many things from the "bosom" house during the year. The utmost good feeling prevails between the two races. There is a growing sentiment in favor of giving the colored children an equal share of the school money. It is based on the feeling that they must be educated in order to make the most of them for the future. They argue "if we educate them, they will not be led into unreasonable opposition to us by designing demagogues."

Lincoln county Ky., presents many interesting features to a lover of nature. Every thing is wonderfully diversified. If one has the eye of a practical farmer, and nothing else, to him it presents as beautiful rolling plateau as can be seen in the world. It will lack the numerous beautiful and thoroughly painted houses as are found in like portions in Ohio. The trouble such an one will feel is that the rich plateau will soon change to a different appearance of ruggedness, and a different geological formation. There are varieties of soil, in what is called the "blue-grass" soil. It passes under the name of "Silurian" in geology. It is the oldest formation known in which fossils are found. As far as any observation goes, the prevailing rocks of this formation are conglomerates and limestone. The Devonian or Red Sandstone are the next higher formation above the Silurian. It is this formation that greets the eye of a practical farmer unpleasantly. Limestone is to be found in the lower formation of the Devonian Strata.

That which greets us in Kentucky, a rough and broken land, are not always poor by any means. The finest of timbers are generally found on this formation in this part of Kentucky. To one who has an eye to both the practical and the beautiful, this change is gladly welcomed. It makes as lovely a variety as the eye desires to behold. Pulaski county is made up almost altogether of the next higher geological formation called carboniferous. This country presents the lower formation of this strata. Its principle stone is "Mountain Limestone." It is in this limestone that caves are formed. The celebrated "Mammoth Cave" of Kentucky is formed of this. "Carter's Cave" in Kentucky, back of Irwin, Ohio, are formed in this mountain limestone.

These lands are quite rolling, but the slopes are almost but grade away slowly to the water courses. This makes all the country susceptible of use by the farmer. It is one of the most promising fruit and stock countries I know of. The soil is fertile and very deep. Corn stalks which grew last year in the drought are numerous in the fields, one and a half inches in diameter.

Better tasted and healthier drinking water cannot be found in the world than throughout this whole region. It is neither hard with limestone, nor is it what the people call soft water. It is totally free from the taste of all mineral substances. This is a land of springs that never fail in the driest of weather. There are no marshes and swamps. The natural drainage is easy and without breaks and checks. The soils do not wash away, and the creeks nearly all have a hard limestone bottom over which the water ripples.

The wheat area in Lincoln County this year will not exceed 15,000 acres, perhaps will not reach this number by several thousands. The surplus will be at least 100,000 bushels, and some of our most intelligent farmers think that it will greatly exceed that amount.

One of the highest recommendations that can be given the blue grass lands of Kentucky, is their extraordinary recuperative powers without the aid of fertilizers. Persons coming here from other States are much surprised to learn that these lands have been cultivated, in many cases a hundred years without the use of fertilizers, and that they still retain their full productive capacity.

We are glad to be able to state that the Lincoln county magistrates are manifesting a determination to have a number of miles of turnpike built in the county within the next few years. The county has already made a number of turnpikes, but more are yet needed. The consolidated roads will be expensive ones to the county, as they will run through the poorest sections of the county. But the richer sections are well provided for in this respect, and both justice and good policy demand that the contemplated roads shall be built. They will greatly enhance the value of real estate in the sections through which they will run.

[The foregoing items are from Francis A. Miller's Kentucky Real Estate Journal, published at Cincinnati.]

CONDITION OF CORN IN ILLINOIS.—Bloomington, Ill., July 2.—An editorial writer of the *Chicago Tribune*, who traveled four weeks through more than thirty of the best corn-growing counties of the State, and who has given the corn crop special attention at this time of the year for more than fifteen seasons, summarizes the condition of the crop as follows: In not over one-tenth of the State is there a fair, stand of corn, in average condition. About one-fifth of the corn acreage is now drowned out, and entirely ruined. On rolling agricultural and tide-drained land there is a prospect, perhaps, of a two-third crop, with favorable weather from this time forward. There is not a very good prospect for over a half average yield for the entire State, while there is a contingency of the too much drying of the soil, and of early frosts, as well as that of the continuance of wet weather, so that, on the whole, the condition of the corn crop may be called more precarious than it has been before at this season since 1858.—[Cincinnati Commercial.]

A Mother's Love.

Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name mother is the sweetest in human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety and painful solitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with their course of agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of usefulness and honor. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly tears that beset her soul. She warns him with trembling lest she say over much. She tries to charm him with cheerful words while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet known the breadth and depth of obligation he is under to the mother who guarded his steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity so narrowly blanch against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do the most to smooth his mother's pathway; let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice; let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, yet be will part with her at the tomb with the debt he has half discharged.—[Logansport Chronicle.]

A Virginia newspaper prints the following extract from a speech by an ex-Confederate officer, and severely denounces it as idiotic sentiment and maudlin and wishy-washy trash: "During our late war, when General Lee was falling back from Gettysburg to the line of the Rappahannock, General Stuart's cavalry on his left flank, were fighting every day in Loudon and Fauquier. One summer evening we halted upon a gentle hill, and as the Federal cavalry came in view along the slope to the North, and one of the famous batteries which on the battle fields of Mexico had given us a perishable luster to our arms, galloped to the front, and above them floated in the soft Summer air a handsome American flag. I could not suppress the feeling inspired by the sight."

"Fling away country, beautiful flag!" "Oh! that the day might come again when I could salute it as my flag."

THE ACORN GROWING.—If an acorn be suspended by piece of thread with in half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantel-shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object. I have seen several such trees, and also a chestnut tree, thus growing, but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.

"Promise me, Ethelbert," said she, as she fastened a rose in his button-hole, "that you will wear this rose until it withers and dies."

"I will indeed," was the cheerful reply. "I will wear this rose if I don't wear anything else." Somehow they both blushed and went their respective ways.—[New Haven Register.]

Ethelbert McGuire. "I do not mean to you," Ethelbert McGuire smiled as Myrtle Hathaway spoke these words—cruel, bitter words that seemed to sear his very soul as he stood there in the gloaming, the time of silence and shadows. The swallows were twittering among the leaves in their noisy way, the ice cream fairs were casting their baleful light across the broad thoroughfare, from which the rattle, the roar and crash of life in a great city had just departed.

"You can't mean it, Myrtle," the young man says, his voice choked with emotion. "You surely can not doubt my word—the word of the one to whom you have pledged your truth, and in whose life your future is bound up."

"But I do mean it," replies the girl, "although God knows my life would be brighter, better, happier, were it not so. I have loved you with a strong, country butter love that has become a part of my very existence. And it is when I have taught my heart to beat responsive to your every word, when I have come to believe in you with all the passionate trustfulness of a woman's nature, that you come to me, and here, on this beautiful June evening, when the heavens are panopied with stars, and the air is balmy with the perfume of roses, you say to me that you have never loved a horse-race—you tell me this solemnly and earnestly, knowing that my heart will not let me judge harshly any action of yours. No, Ethelbert, I love you with a maidenly, ninety-days-or-ten-per-cent-off-for-cash trust that is beyond compare, but I can not allow you to abuse that trust. I am but a girl—a sensitive, passionate, one-husle and a four-dollar-bang girl, but I am not a clump"—and, sticking her chewing-gum on the door-post, Myrtle turned to enter the parlor.

"But I swear it," exclaimed Ethelbert. "I swear to you that I would not bet \$4 against \$10 that Maud S. could beat three minutes."

"You would not?" asked the girl. "No," was Ethelbert's reply; "I would not bet on any thing."

"Then," said the girl, speaking slowly and with grave tenderness, "you had better head for the gate. I can never place my happiness and chances for spring bonnets in the hands of a man who will not be sure that his act is that way."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Rapid Book-Making.

In these days competition between book publishers sometimes leads to rapid book-making. A prominent New York firm of book publishers that sends thousands of its books to be done in this city, received by the English publication which it desired to "rush" through the press. A member of the firm arrived here on Tuesday at 2 p. m. and delivered the copy of the volume, which was one of 210 pages, 32mo., to his printer. By 5 p. m. they had received the particular font of type in which it was to be set. By 7 p. m. the type was distributed and the compositors began. The 210 pages were all set by noon on Wednesday, revised and corrected by 4 p. m., and fifteen hundred complete copies were printed by ten o'clock that evening, at which hour the sheets were ready for the binder. Fifteen hundred copies were made on Wednesday by the binder, and at nine o'clock this morning the entire edition of this morning's paper had been shipped to New York and placed on sale, and to-morrow the book will be on sale in fifty cities of the Union. This is quick book-making, and redounds to Philadelphia's credit.—[Philadelphia Record.]

FANCY COOKS.—Whenever a New York family acquires a large fortune it considers itself justified in engaging a chef, whose salary in private houses is from \$2,000 to \$3,000, and from \$4,000 to \$6,000 in clubs, restaurants and hotels. A fine French cook, so-called—many of the French cooks are really Swiss or Italian—can command better wages than a journalist or literary man; and in a certain way he exercises much more personal and social influence. He is a great power, a thorough autocrat in his immediate sphere, and those who introduce him into their houses must treat him with supreme respect and delicacy, lest he abandon them, as he would put it, to desolation and indignation forever. He resents the slightest suggestion as an impertinence and an interference, and refuses in most cases to permit even the head of the household to cross the confines of his culinary dominions.

"I want an agent," exclaimed a man, entering the Arkansas Traveller office the other day and looking around with an air of abrupt business. I was told that you might put me into an active bill poster and advance man."

"Got a show on the road?" "No, sir, blame the show business. No money in it."

"Been to the holy land and are now traveling with panoramic scenes, I suppose?" "No, sir, I killed a fellow the other day and now the fellow's wife are going on a lecturing trip."—[Arkansas Traveller.]

Even the faithful horse has been made the subject of optical illusion by the inventors. A patent has been secured for what is known as a horse fence. It consists simply of a wire frame placed over the head of the horse so that when he approaches a fence with the laudable desire of jumping it, he sees the wires above his head, mistakes them for a part of the fence and concludes that it is too high for him to leap.

The lightning struck the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of South Carolina, at Columbia, and the figure of the soldier unmounting it was broken to pieces and the pieces dashed to the earth.

Curiosities of Nature. A cockatoo out at Minneapolis recently swallowed a pair of cuff-links and became broken-hearted, and remained so for such a length of time that it was feared it would die. The other day it got out of its cage, went up stairs to its owner's bedroom, took hold of a bureau drawer with its beak, and by great fighting managed to get the drawer open. Then it got out a pair of reversible cuffs and devoured them, after which it became so happy that it couldn't contain itself. Two weeks later it died, and having been a favorite for years, the family took it to the taxidermist's to be stuffed. On opening it, it was found to contain the cuffs intact, with the sleeve buttons in the button-holes. While a Baptist Sunday-school was in session one in Michigan, several weeks ago, a snake crawled up through a knot-hole in the floor, stole a church desk out of the Superintendent's coat-tail pockets, and went back. It was the third time that the snake performed this trick, and some persons, out of curiosity, secreted themselves in the cellar to see what the snake would do. After coming down through the floor it took the last pack and shuffled it up with the others; then up-ended a barrel, and commenced playing solitaire. On being killed and opened, it was found to contain a full set of baro-bills, and a copy each of Hoyle's and Schenck's Rules for Poker. It was afterward sewed up, and is now used as a garden hose.—[R. K. Mankittrick, in Puck.]

Turning Tramps on a Wager. Two well-known young men of this city, of a roving disposition, and who have frequently traveled many miles away from home without any money, are to leave heading in a day or two on a trip to Milwaukee, Wis. They are to travel without any money except \$1 each, and the one who reaches Milwaukee first is to receive a purse of \$100 and a free ticket to come back. Arrangements have been made for both to appear before a Magistrate there and make affidavit as to the exact time of arrival, which will be telegraphed to their backers in Reading. Several quite prominent citizens are said to be interested in the matter. The young men who are to "beat" their way out are George Strane and William Lehr. They will be allowed to travel on the same train to Harrisburg, where they will be required to take different trains for the West. A person will be at Harrisburg to see that they do not board the same train.—[Reading (Penn.) Eagle.]

AN INDUENT BARBER.—"No, sir," said a Second Avenue barber to a suspicious-looking transient customer who finally remarked as the barber was being hid out, that he supposed that there were a good many men who failed to pay their shaving scores. "No, sir; I used to give credit, but I never do now—in fact nobody ever asks for tick any more."

"How's that?" "Well, you see," said the barber, trying the edge of his razor on his thumb nail, "I had a set of stiffs who used to ask me to chalk it down, I got tired of keeping books, and I adopted a new system. Whenever I shaved one of these old standbys I put a little nick in his nose with my razor, and kept tally in that way. They got so they didn't want to run bills."

There was a tremor in the customer's voice as he asked from beneath the latter: "Do you object to being paid in advance?"

The great Chicago fire is to be reproduced, on a reduced, yet extensive scale, in a Boston Summer garden. The spectators will look across a lake at a section of old Chicago, which will take fire and burn with historical accuracy. "Over 150 persons," says the manager's glowing announcement, "will take part in the representation, as citizens, firemen, &c. Fire engines, drawn by real horses, will battle with the blaze, boats on the lake will take away the fleeing populace, railroad trains conveying engines from other cities will dash into the burning town, and every thing possible will be done to give the event the air of reality."

A Philadelphia detective says of murderers. "As a rule, they have never committed a crime in their lives save the one. They are honest and reputable members of the communities and have had no connection with the criminal classes. If they were released unpunished on the day succeeding the one on which they have committed their crime, it is highly probable that they would never again be guilty of any violation of the law. It is very seldom we hear of a man being hanged who did not possess a good character."

The Stuart procession went marching by, with cap, cape and torch, and a scornful Independent said to his Stuart neighbor. "Don Cameron owes those men six weeks every one of them." "How do you know he does?" "By the little cap on them," replied the scornful Independent. And straightaway that Stuart fell upon him and outcried him roughly, and uncomprehended him and about, and smote him that he died—several years after.

TELEGRAPH WIRE IN ENIGMA.—In Paris the telegraph engineer lays his wires in lead pipes fastened to the tops of the arches of the drains. In Germany the exigencies of war and of climate led to the completion of the underground system of telegraph wires two years ago. In Vienna both telegraph and telephone lines are carried on brackets along the fronts of the houses.

Mr. Conkling was within hearing of the shout that greeted the removal of Guiteau. This grand old man seems to be in very bad luck. No statesman can succeed after his right-hand man has been sacrificed.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

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Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway.
TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1892.
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